

Stina Nordenstam, Memories Of A Colour

I'm searching for a colour
Don't think it's got a name
It's something between pink and brown
Just like when the sun sets
Sometimes when it rains
Like it's the first time you see it go down

Me and my boat
Have been out for years now
My collection of china's complete
Except for that one piece
I won't be satisfied
I once held it but it disappeared

They've stolen my wallet
Now I'm finally broke
Now I've finally got nothing to lose
Your picture was in it
The one thing that you left
With that photo I've lost you for good

I walk down to the port
Take my motorboat
And go out and turn the motor off
And I listen to the waves
I lay very still
I try not to think
Try not to breathe at all